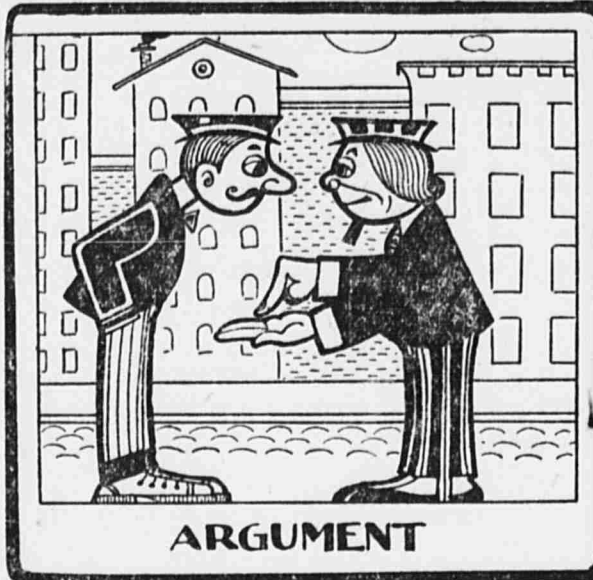
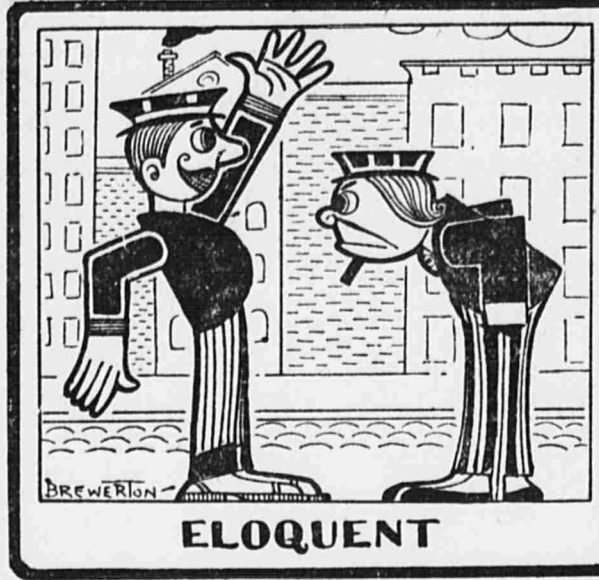


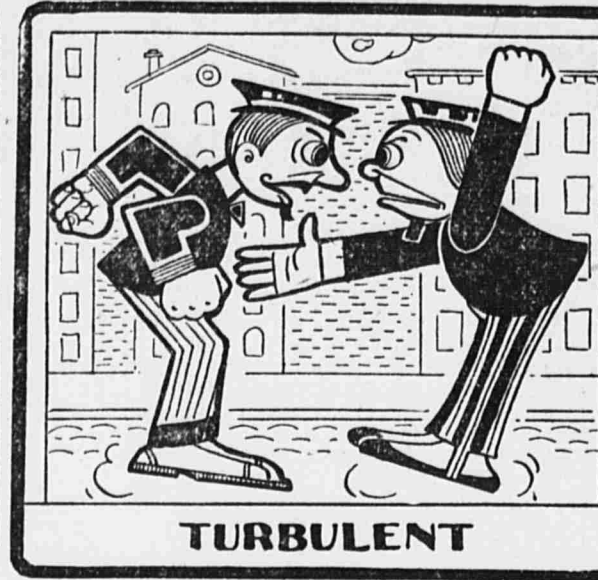
No. VII.--Little Tragedies Strikingly Told in Four Words.



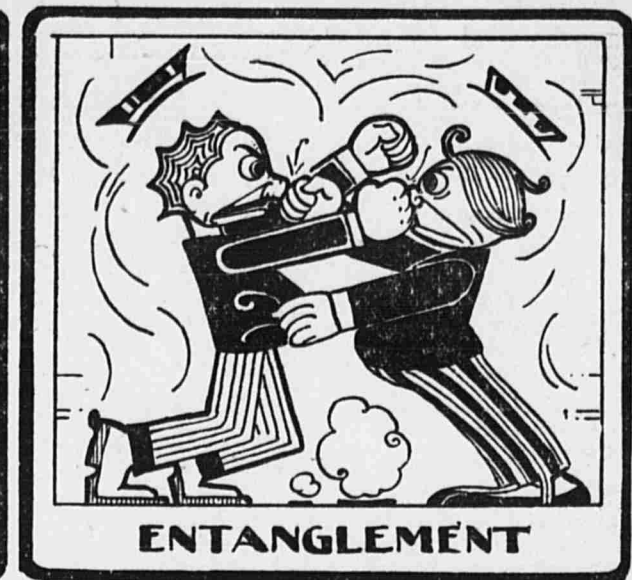
ARGUMENT



ELOQUENT



TURBULENT



ENTANGLEMENT

The World
Published by the Press Publishing Company, No. 53 to 55
Park Row, New York. Entered at the Post-Office
at New York as Second-Class Matter.
VOLUME 44.....NO. 18,407.

THE CHRISTIAN BUSINESS MAN.

Free speech in Mr. John D. Rockefeller, Jr.'s Bible class has become responsible for the expression of opinions by the pupils antagonistic to those held by the teacher.

"I believe," said the rich young leader, "that a man can be a good Christian and a successful business man."

"But how about the man in Wall street?" asked a pupil.

"When by forcing the market down he ruins the small holder he cannot be a good Christian. He injures others for his own selfish motives and is directly opposed to the teachings of Christ." Other members of the class spoke in similar strain.

There is a jesse majeste in such inquiries which seems reprehensible. It is probable that a census of New York pewholders would show a larger percentage of banking and broking representatives than of other trades of professions and of real "pillars of the church," metaphorically so called, the financial district supplies the larger number. Are not these gentlemen Christians?

When the Church calls for money who is it that writes the check which tides over the prospective deficit? Is it not the senior member of the house which financed the Amalgamated Coal Corporation unlimited and received a \$5,000,000 stock bonus for underwriting its bonds? Who gives the millions that make east side missions possible and settlement houses? Is it not from the receipt of the millionaire's tithes that the Church is enabled to carry on its work of extensive philanthropy which otherwise would be beyond its scope?

To be sure, some of these consecrated funds have come from the reduction of wages in factories, the dismantling of mills whereby thousands of employees have been thrown out of work, or by reductions of force on the railroads which the magnate controls. The gift out of which the church's home for the elderly and the afflicted was erected may be directly traceable to a corner in cotton or to the manipulation of steel stocks whereby thousands of small investors have had their home comforts cut off.

But what then? If there is a fly in the ointment of religious unction is the critic to see only the fly and ask irrelevant questions?

PUNISHMENT FOR WIFE-BEATERS.

Judges have been fond of recommending the whipping post as the best means of punishment for wife-beaters. Magistrate Steers, Judge Stubbs and Judge Fallon are on record as advocating it and Magistrate Brenner's attempt to secure Albany legislation for the establishment of a whipping post in New York will be recalled. Deputy Commissioner of Corrections McNulty sought to have wife-beaters sentenced to the rock pile.

But their punishment remains as it was, with differing degrees of severity; but with the offending husband sent to the island and the wife left to fight poverty as well as she can for herself and for the baby. The injustice to the wife of this form of punishment led Magistrate Breen, as was noted in this column, to advocate the establishment of a fund for the assistance of wives thus deprived of support. Magistrate Ommen thinks that such a fund would invite all sorts of abuses. Why not parole the prisoner on his promise to pay over to his wife all his wages earned during the period covered by the sentence?

What it means to a wife to have her husband in jail was shown by the plea of Timothy Murray's wife after the judge sent him up for a year for beating her while drunk. "There are six of the children," said she, "and they're never wanted for food or clothes before. I'd like my Tim back. Now I haven't got anything for the furniture man when he comes next week."

Two years ago 5 per cent. of court cases in Philadelphia were cases of wife-beating. If the average is as high as that in New York, with its 35,000 annual offenders, the extent of household suffering entailed by the imprisonment of the offender may be inferred.

"CHEAPER MEN" FOR THE "L"?

The argument is advanced to show the futility of a strike by the "L" motormen that "cheaper men can operate the electric trains as well as they are now operated and perhaps better." If the motormen strike, it is pointed out that "they will find a great many men equally skilled with themselves and of larger and more varied experience in handling electric apparatus eager to take their places at lower wages."

This is not an argument that will carry weight with the public. There is electric apparatus of somewhat complicated design which "even a child can operate," and very likely in the emergency of a strike the places of the motormen could be filled, as the road's general manager contends, very acceptably from among the trainmen who could soon familiarize themselves with operative duties.

But only experienced men are wanted at the "L" motor boxes. Those at present employed are mainly graduates from locomotive throttles. They were trained in a school where conservatism and care count for much, and in return for their higher wages they put into their work a quality with which the cheaper man is not usually endowed.

For a quarter of a century the city looked to see an "L" accident of serious kind, but none has occurred, and confidence in the road's immunity has grown strong.

This confidence is not likely to last with cheaper men in charge of trains.

THE INVENTOR'S FAITH.

The spirit of the old inventors who were ready to sacrifice all worldly comfort and to endure poverty cheerfully for their inventions seems to have found lodgment in the breast of August Greth, whose flying machine is said to be a success at San Francisco. Greth and a few friends, mechanics as poor as himself, have for two years put their common savings into a meagre fund for the inventor's use.

This was the spirit of Goodyear and Palissy the potter. It was to an extent the spirit of the late Gordon McKay, last of the great American inventors of the first half of the century. When the crude original of the shoe-sewing machine, from which he was to derive \$30,000,000, came to his notice, he was ready to spend his own entire savings, \$6,000, in perfecting it.

The sublime faith of the inventor in his work is not to be wondered in some particulars than the mental acuity which gives the invention birth.

Conversations
of a Chorus Girl

She says the dollar dinner and dress suit Bohemia of the present cannot compare with real Bohemia of the good old days.

By Roy L. McCardell.

"I WAS at the Bohemian Club dinner the other night," said the Chorus Girl. "Such a style, too! Why, even Charlie was wearing his white wall."

"Bohemians in evening dress? Yes, indeed! I don't think of the days when we used to romp every Saturday night in Maria's restaurant in Twelfth street, where a clean collar was remarked as a direct personality leveled at all the others present."

"Why, don't you remember Percy Sad-denose, who was an abolition agnostic, who used to recite 'My Man for a' That' and who got in so much trouble 'cause he was caught swiping overcoats?"

"And Mickey Doolittle? I wonder what he's doing now. Louis Zinsheimer wrote him a letter to the GrGimes Cafe, where Mickey puts in longer hours than the lunch man. Louis wanted him to come up to a stag at the White Goods Club was giving and sing 'Scatter Seeds of Kindness,' and that was over three weeks ago and he hasn't heard anything from him yet."

"Louis thinks something's happened to Mickey. But Charlie says all the mail to the Grimes Cafe goes to the cashier's desk, which is the only place about the cafe that never sees Mickey. 'But I was telling you about the Bohemian Club. Ah! It was nothing like them good old days down in Twelfth street when there was so much jealousy between Mickey and Grant Leechild, who wrote 'The Boozers' Boast,' as to who should be toastmaster because the toastmaster not only got his dinner for nothing, but he was allowed \$3 for drinks for himself and friends."

"That was the time! Don't you remember the big night we was all there when Amy de Branscombe's mother got insulted because Dokey McKnight pulled down her false front, which was fastened on with an elastic band. Till it came down under her chin and made her look like Mme. Rosa, the bearded lady?"

"Ah, there's no real bohemia now-a-days!"

"They was trying to say at the Bohemian Club that a true bohemia was a fellow who felt at home wherever he hung up his hat. But don't you believe it. A real bohemia is one who feels at home wherever he hangs up his meals. He never takes off his hat, because he's afraid if he did that some other jolly bohemia would steal it."

"At the Bohemian Club there was a lot of wine agents—the old push wouldn't have stood for them a minute. The old push wouldn't have stood for anything there, especially the price of the dinner, which was a dollar. Why, the old H. J. Anthony lunch would have considered a whole real dollar something in the nature of an annuity for life."

"We had our cards of admission—fancy!—and we made a flying wedge for the toastmaster's table, because these editions de lux bohemia josh up some guy with nothing but to preside, and as a return for the compliment, he stands for all the excise violations at his table."

"The zophonone at the head of the procession this night is a guy that pushes 'Hoot Mon Scotch' and he was getting off a rave, as we came in, about this being a real Bohemian place where we can safely bring our wives." You know the yell?

"That was his normal monologue, and he was right. I peeked around the place and saw a lot of fellows who found it safe enough to bring other people's wives, too."

"Pass Montgomery, who boosts the Hootchy Kootchy Egyptian cigarette, was there, a celebrity suspected of murder and a lot of other artistic and literary yaks."

"They had a lot of talent, including two throaty church tenors, and Maude Mortimer, who used to think in red tights in Rice's 'Evangeline,' but who's going back on the stage to star."

"She was the guest of honor for the evening, and everybody cheered for ten minutes when she got up and sang 'Come, Broken Heart, and Rest On Me!'"

"Then the thing turned into a money-spending contest, which was fine for me, for I'm for wine, but it put the Bohemia end of the evening on the tut, tut."

"Nothing like them dear old days in Twelfth street, even if they did serve non-edible food."

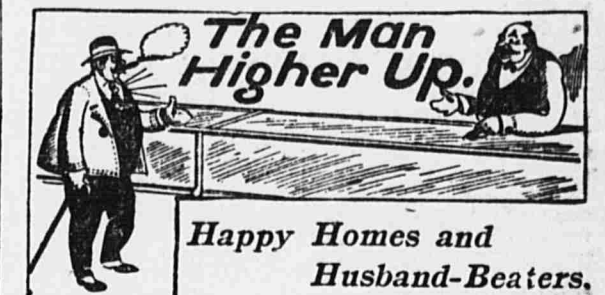
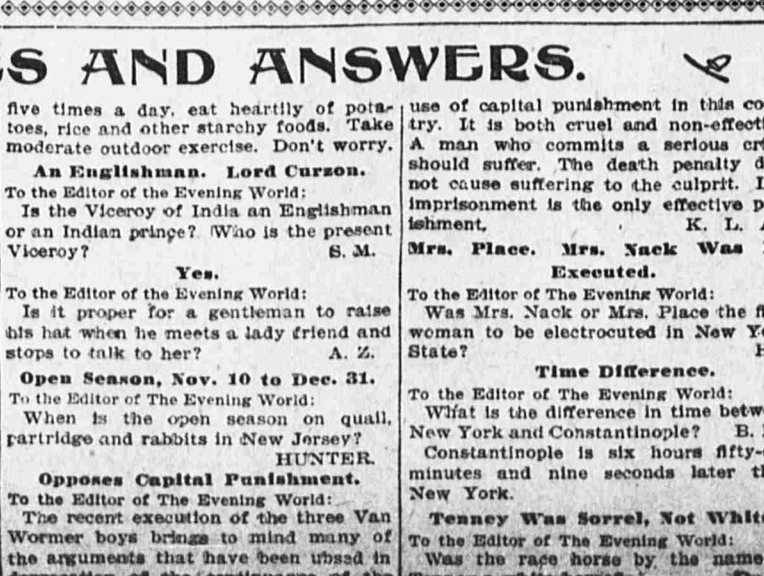
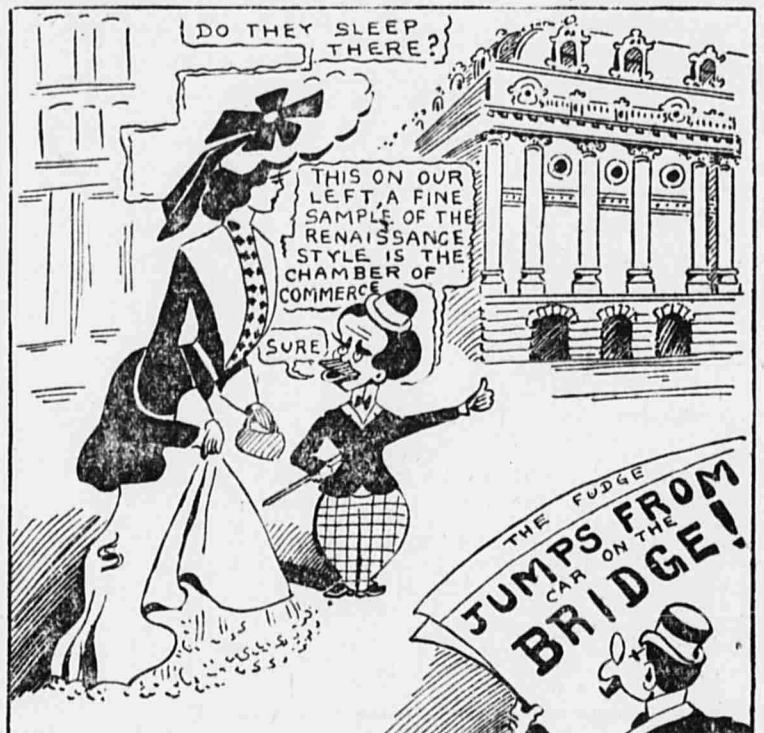
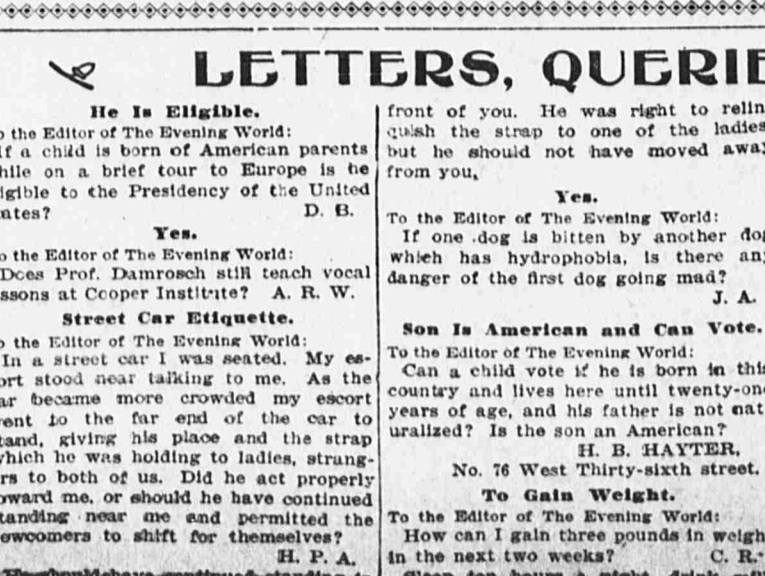
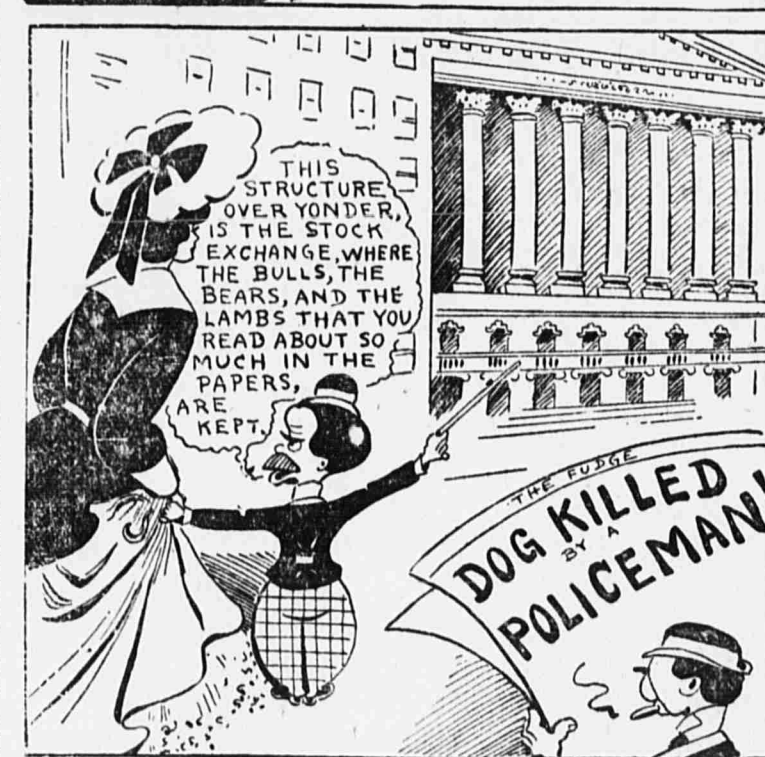
"Well, good-by! Don't take no C. O. D. packages!"

HIS DEFINITION.

Tommy Finglam—Paw, what is meant by begging the question?
Paw Finglam—When a girl is doing all in her power to get a fellow into one notion of proposing—Baltimore

The Importance of Mr. Peewee, the Great Little Man.

He Pilots Miss Sixfoot Through Wall Street, Explains His Mysteries and as Usual Comes to Grief.



"I SEE that some woman over on the East Side is accused of hiring a couple of thugs to do up her husband," said the Cigar Store Man.

"Foolish woman!" ejaculated the Man Higher Up. "Why didn't she make an inside job of it and do her husband up at home? If the burlesque who put men on the bum for pay were to depend on wives for a living, they would have to drain beer kegs and shoot cigarette butts. The wife of 1903 is generally competent to do the punching and gouging and general all-round wrecking work without assistance."

"I remember the time when it was considered quite the proper thing for a man to beat his wife, and some husbands adhere to the rule to this day. A good soak on the jaw when a wife asks for a new dress takes the dress out of her mind and promotes domestic peace and quiet. But it is getting nowadays so that the beating up is done by the better half."

"The time has gone by when wives sought to retain the love of their husbands by being tender and shrinking and forgiving. It used to be that a man who came home with a souze in the cold gray dawn of Sunday with a story of losing all his money in a poker game in which one player held up an ace and a tray and drew four aces found a sympathetic heart awaiting him. His wife took off his shoes, wrapped a wet rag around his block, fed him a powder from the sideboard decanter and put him to bed. In the afternoon she told callers about the cruelty of the bold, bad men who took hubby's money away from him."

"Never, never no more. The poker pipe don't cut any more ice these times than a Chinaman's affidavit. The best a husband gets is a map of the Huckleberry street railroad system engraved on his features by the finger-nail method, which women know instinctively. Men are getting to be milder and women are getting to be sluggers."

"Do you think that an old-time husband would have gone to the police and complained that his wife was hiring strong-arm persons to put him out of business? Not on your mind. He would have gone to the partner of his joys and sorrows and bank-roll and given the neighbors something to talk about. Instead of that he does the Bill Bailey act."

"I have a friend who is in the business of painting black eyes. He can take a shiner the size of a walnut and, by patience and science, so disguise it that you wouldn't know it from part of a real face. Now, he tells me that business is picking up to beat the band."

"Never before have so many men sought his services. Men get confidential when they are getting their black eye painted or their fingers manacled, and my friend, the face plain and fancy decorator, says that about half of them confess that their lamps have been punched by the lady of the house. Women are getting so proficient that they don't even descend to the use of crockery or a club."

"I don't know what I'd do if my wife tried to beat me," said the Cigar Store Man.

"You'd do like all the rest," advised the Man Higher Up. "You'd leave the house swearing you'd never go back, and in a few hours you'd show up with a branigan and a box of candy."

The Baby Turtle.

Turtles lay their eggs in the sand and let the sun hatch them out. They do not lay them all in one place, probably because they think it safer to scatter them. Then, even though one is stolen or broken, the others may escape. The mother turtle covers them all carefully up, one after another, with a thin sprinkling of sand, and then apparently never gives them another thought, considering her maternal duty done. Certain it is, that she has never been discovered going near these egg babies again, and when they hatch at last the tiny, soft-shelled creatures at once begin crawling around in search of flies and other food as independently as if there were no such thing as a mother in the world.

Peanut Trust at Work.

Four students of Norwich University, three of whom are working their way through college, during the last three months of the college year saved an even \$20 each by deserting the fraternity "hash-house" and living on peanuts. Every one of the quartet is in better health than when he started in on the strange diet.

Increase in Drink.

In sixty years the annual per capita consumption of whiskey has gradually decreased from two and a half to one and a fourth gallons. In forty years the consumption of beer has increased from less than two to more than seven gallons per capita.

Origin of Matter.

It has been suggested that, in view of recent developments in ionie investigation, all matter may be composed of a single mother-substance-protyle. This protyle is supposed to be manufactured by destructive explosions from elements existing in the Crookes tube.

LETTERS, QUERIES AND ANSWERS.

He Is Eligible.

To the Editor of The Evening World: If a child is born of American parents but he should not have moved away from you.

Yes.

To the Editor of The Evening World: If one dog is bitten by another dog which has hydrophobia, is there any danger of the first dog going mad?

Yes.

To the Editor of The Evening World: Does Prof. Damrosch still teach vocal lessons at Cooper Institute? A. R. W.

Street Car Etiquette.

To the Editor of The Evening World: In a street car I was seated. My escort stood near talking to me. As the car became more crowded my escort went to the far end of the car to stand, giving his place and the strap which he was holding to ladies, strangers to both of us. Did he act properly toward me, or should he have continued standing near me and permitted the newcomers to shift for themselves?

H. P. A.

front of you. He was right to relinquish the strap to one of the ladies, but he should not have moved away from you.

Son Is American and Can Vote.

To the Editor of The Evening World: Can a child vote if he is born in this country and lives here until twenty-one years of age, and his father is not naturalized? Is the son an American?

Yes.

To the Editor of The Evening World: Is the Viceroy of India an Englishman or an Indian prince? (Who is the present Viceroy?)

Yes.

To the Editor of The Evening World: Is it proper for a gentleman to raise his hat when he meets a lady friend and stops to talk to her?

Open Season, Nov. 10 to Dec. 31.

To the Editor of The Evening World: When is the open season on quail, partridge and rabbits in New Jersey?

Opposes Capital Punishment.

To the Editor of The Evening World: The recent execution of the three Van Wormer boys brings to mind many of the arguments that have been used in connection with the continuance of the

Letters, Queries and Answers.

use of capital punishment in this country. It is both cruel and non-effective. A man who commits a serious crime should suffer. The death penalty does not cause suffering to the culprit. Life imprisonment is the only effective punishment.

K. L. A.

Mrs. Place. Mrs. Sack Was No Executed.

To the Editor of The Evening World: Was Mrs. Sack or Mrs. Place the first woman to be electrocuted in New York State?

Time Difference.

To the Editor of The Evening World: What is the difference in time between New York and Constantinople? E. P.

Constantinople is six hours fifty-five minutes and nine seconds later than New York.

Tenney Was Sorrel, Not White.

Letters, Queries and Answers.

To the Editor of The Evening World: Was the race horse by the name of Tennessee white or sorrel?

Yes.

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